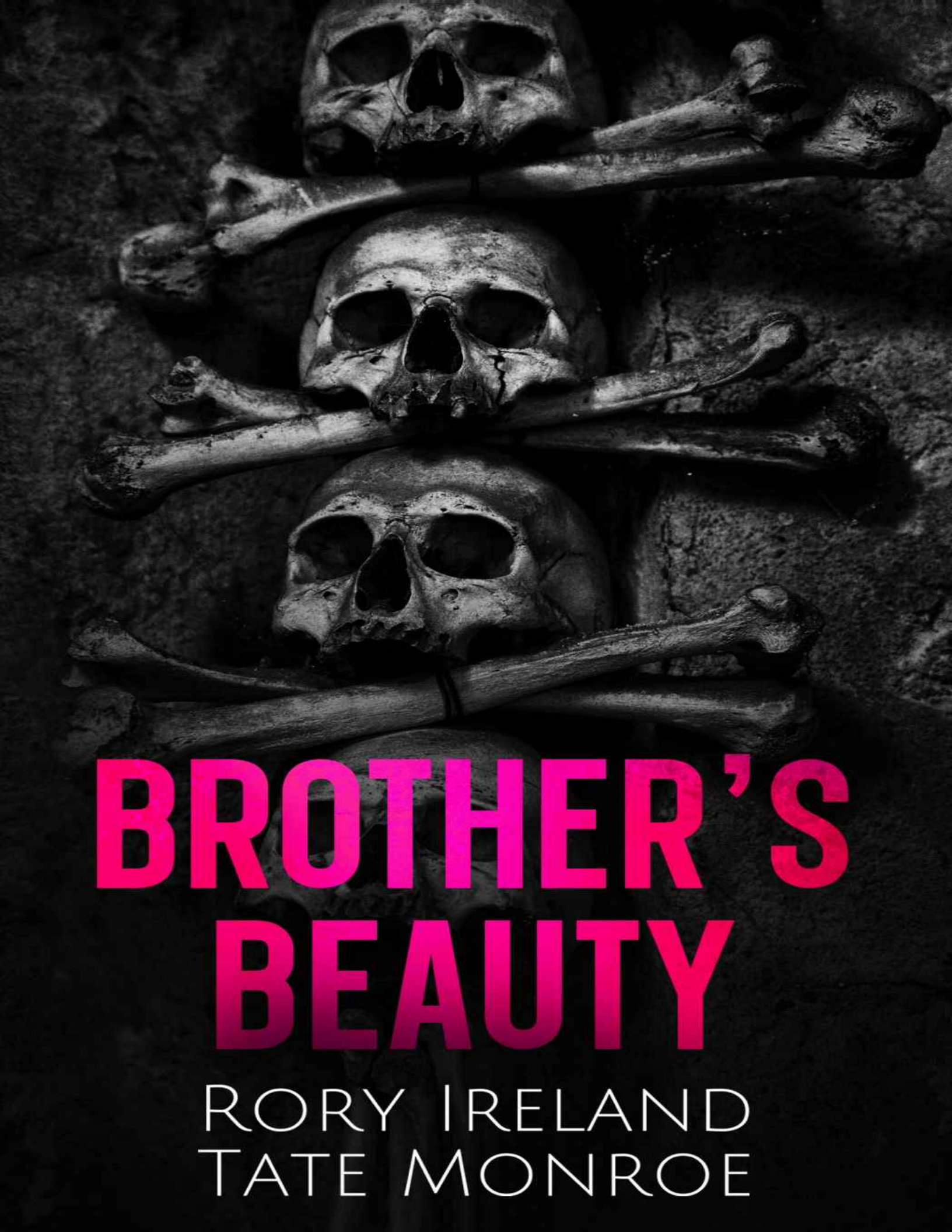


The background of the entire image is a dark, textured surface, possibly stone or concrete. Three human skulls are arranged vertically in the center. Each skull is positioned behind a pair of long, thin bones that are crossed in an 'X' shape. The skulls are weathered and have a yellowish-brown hue. The bones are light-colored and appear to be long bones, possibly femurs or humeri. The overall composition is somber and macabre.

# **BROTHER'S BEAUTY**

RORY IRELAND  
TATE MONROE

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[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

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TATE MONROE

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*For everyone who loved the world of Hillcrest University and wanted some  
more of it*

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The Hillcrest's are diseased. Eventually all succumb to the call.

GRANT HILLCREST

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# CONTENT TROPES AND TAGS

This is a dark romance and as such can and will contain possible triggering content.

For a list of content tropes and tags please visit our website [here](#)

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# CHAPTER 1

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## ETHAN

I've been lying in this damned hospital bed for longer than I care to think about. Sterile, white walls, the constant drone of machines—it's a never-ending nightmare. The scars, both physical and emotional, from our mother's attack still haunt me. But right now, none of that matters. All I can think about is my sister Isabella.

Her name is a sweet, burning ache in my chest. *Izzy*. She's the only one who's ever made me feel, even when everything around me is falling apart. About two weeks ago, she was ripped out of my hospital room with strict orders that she'd return to Hillcrest University and finish her studies. The rest of our siblings are already there, aside from my twin, Samuel, and I can't even think about what happened to him right now. I'll deal with that trauma later like a typical Hillcrest man. Dad left the same day he forced Isabella to leave my side. He fucked off to the wilderness to that luxury cabin he's been building for years. All the gossiping hospital staff have it in their heads that he left because he can't handle what his wife did to his family. I like to think he left because he knew if he stayed here, he'd have to listen to me bitch about him separating Isabella and me. I grimace as I push myself to sit up. I'm healed, even though the nurses want me to stay another week, I'm just sore from lying in this bed for so long with minimal stretching. My only thought right now is finding Isabella and taking her out into the wilderness where we can finally live the way we want to in peace.

I reach for my phone on the bedside table, hesitating for a moment. I've been calling my sister since the day she left. She answered, promising to run away at the first chance she got and come back to me, but then she stopped answering altogether. My thumb hovers over her contact, and then I

dial her number, heart pounding in my chest. The phone rings, and I can't help but hope.

Ring. Ring. Ring.

Voicemail.

Frustration simmers within me as I hang up. Why isn't she answering? She promised to come back for me so we could leave straight from here and head to the cabin, but now I can't help but wonder if she's changed her mind. Did she enjoy being immersed back into the freedom the Hillcrest campus offers her? It's a rigid school, with lots of rules, but far less intrusive than living with me. I want to consume her at every turn, make sure that she never forgets who owns that pretty little ass of hers.

I toss my phone onto the bed and swing my legs over the edge, wincing as the dull ache in my side flares up. To soothe the pain, I think of the first time I took Isabella as my own. She put up a good fight, it was like she didn't see it coming, she didn't know the depths of my obsession with her until it was too late. Before she could react, I already had her bent over her bed, sinking my hard cock inside the tightest pussy I've ever felt in my twenty-five years on this planet. We heard the rumors about the Hillcrest curse, that obsession consumes the males in the family until they snap and take the object of their desire—one of the females in the family. I was the first one to succumb to the curse, but Dad isn't far behind, which is probably the real reason he's secluded himself in the forest as far away from one of my sisters, Olivia, as he can possibly get.

I'm going to get Izzy one way or another, so I pick up my phone again and press the contact button for Malakhi LaRue. Malakhi, or Khi as his friends call him, isn't really a *friend* of mine because I don't have those. He's more of an acquaintance I made a few years ago, and we've helped each other out a few times in sticky situations. He'll be glad to know that I only need a ride this time, and not help digging a hole for a body. Although I've seen Khi around dead bodies, and I'd venture to say he more than enjoys the experience.

To my surprise, it's Dominic, Malakhi's older brother, who answers. In the background, I hear grunting and the clanging of metal, and Dominic's voice is controlled but more strained than usual. They're both fucking weird dudes, but I trust them enough to have around my sisters, which is saying a lot. I don't fucking let anyone near my family.

"What do you want?" Dom's tone is far from welcoming, but that's his whole schtick. He's just like my younger brother Landon who is a fucking grump to end all grumps just because he doesn't want anyone near his twin Sophia. He practically falls to his knees and melts when she's near him but acts like a fucking brick wall if anyone else approaches him. He gets away with it because he's a Hillcrest hockey player, so every motherfucker on that campus bows down to him anyway. I should know, I was the best goalie that fucking school ever had before I got injured.

I grin into the phone, knowing Dom will be able to hear it, and that'll piss him off. If Dom is having a bad day, everybody else better be miserable, too. "Is Khi around? I need a ride."

Dominic lets out an exasperated sigh followed by a low grunt that sounds a lot like I do when I'm buried to the hilt inside my precious little sister. "Khi's busy right now. We're in the middle of something."

"Jesus. Are you moving a body or getting your dick sucked?" I ask, trying to hide my impatience. "Just put him on the phone."

"None of your business where my dick is," Dominic snaps, and I hear a muffled voice in the background that sounds a lot like Khi. "What the fuck do you need?"

I grit my teeth. I don't have time for this. "I need a ride from the hospital to pick up my truck at my house so I can go fuck some shit up at Hillcrest." I throw in the last detail, not because I think it matters, but if it's anything the LaRue brothers hate, it's pretentious rich kids that attend Hillcrest University. They only fuck with me because I bailed on Hillcrest when I injured my knee playing goalie. Dad was our coach up until Mom flipped the fuck out a couple weeks ago. He just walked away from it all, and I can't say I blame him. I saw the tension between him and Olivia, and something tells me that he won't be as okay with hurting her the way I was with owning Izzy.

Dominic's annoyance is palpable. "Fine, we'll be out front in half an hour. Don't keep us waiting."

As he hangs up, my frustration boils over. I know something is off with Khi and Dominic, but right now, I have no other choice. I need to see Isabella to feel alive again. And deep down, a burning desire to own her consumes my thoughts.

---

The roar of an engine and squealing wheels announce Dom and Khi as they pull up at the front entrance to the hospital, the car skidding to a halt in front of me. I stand there, arms crossed, and the annoyance I've been feeling seems to have bubbled up even more as I wait for them. I'm impatient, desperate to get away from this place and inside my beauty. She really is the most beautiful girl I've ever laid eyes on. Her skin is fair, and she's been dying her hair cotton candy pink since I told her she couldn't. I love when she wears it up in those two high ponytails, and I can almost feel it sliding through my fingers.

Dom is behind the wheel, and Khi's in the passenger seat. As Khi leans over to unlock the door, he grins at me, flashing a cocky smile that's all too familiar. "Look who decided to show up," he says, teasing.

I roll my eyes and climb into the backseat. "You're in a good mood."

Khi turns around, offering me a sly grin before his gaze settles on his brother.

Dom revs the engine, and we speed out of the hospital parking lot. As the wind rushes through the open windows, I can't help but feel a sense of freedom after being cooped up for so long. But it's a short-lived reprieve because my mind keeps circling back to Isabella.

Khi glances at me in the rearview mirror. "You've got that look, man. Off to murder some fucker?"

I don't even try to deny it. "Probably a few fuckers. Depending on how many people have put their hands on Izzy while we've been apart."

Dom chuckles, his gaze still on the road. "Brazen motherfucker. Do you tell everyone that you fuck your sister?"

I smirk. "The real question is, do you tell anyone you're fucking Khi?"

The car falls into a brief silence at my words, the playful banter momentarily extinguished. It's as if my mention of their relationship, which they've kept under wraps, has hit a nerve.

We pull up to my family home, and I can't help but shudder at the sight of it. The once well-kept lawn has become overgrown, and the house stands dark and looming, like a haunting reminder of what my family has endured. I've got no home to return to now—my father has disappeared into the wilderness, and all my siblings are away at Hillcrest University. All except one. My eyes wander up to the window on the side of the house, all the way up on the third floor. Samuel's room. He was the first one Mom attacked,

which is strange even now that my mind is more clear. She was closer to my twin brother than she was to any of her other children.

Khi finally breaks the tension, throwing me a grin as I step out of the car. "Well, Ethan, as much as we'd love to stick around and chat, we've got better things to do. Have fun hunting down Isabella, I know you will."

I roll my eyes again, this time with more genuine amusement. "Thanks for the ride, guys. I'll see you around."

Without wasting another second, I climb into my truck and head toward Hillcrest University. My chest is aching with the need to see Isabella, to feel her flesh against my fingertips. Whatever it takes, I'll find her.

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# CHAPTER 2

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## ETHAN

I'm pissed. My sister Izzy's phone is going straight to voicemail.

Logically, I know she's probably in class, but I don't give a fuck. She should be at my disposal at all times, and I won't budge on that. Maybe it's better that my visit will be a surprise because since that first time I snapped and took what I needed from her, unexpected encounters have been our favorite kind. I crave the way her heartbeat speeds up and her breathing labors when I grab her out of nowhere with no warning. My cock hardens in my jeans at the memory of the way her pulse feels quickening under my fingertips. Nothing will ever be as phenomenal as my grip around her throat and my knife dragging down her breasts. It's been far too long since I've been afforded the luxury of flicking my tongue over my initials, I carved into her thigh, so she'd never forget who she belongs to. I look around my alma mater and scowl at the students milling about the historic campus founded by my predecessors. Izzy has every right to be here, to get her mind off of everything that happened to our family while I was healing in the hospital and finish her semester. But the possessive, dickish side of me doesn't give a fuck. I'm all that should matter to Isabella Hillcrest, and she's going to understand that by the time my visit is over.

Our mother was intent on killing our entire family, and she almost succeeded in taking my life. If it hadn't been for Isabella, I wouldn't have made it. If Isabella hadn't chased our mother that night, stopping her from doing any more damage than she already had, the butcher knife she carefully selected from the kitchen would have claimed all six of her children and our father as well. When I was in the hospital, I remember hearing the nurses talking about how I had the largest knife wounds they'd

ever seen in the emergency room. I suspect that she started with Samuel and me because we're the oldest at twenty-five, and the biggest threat to her. Landon was supposed to be next. From what I've pieced together, when Izzy walked in on Mom attacking Samuel and me while we were sleeping, Izzy chased her out of the room and immediately checked on me and called 9-1-1. I was told that Mom went to Landon's room next, but she didn't find him there. He was in Sophia's room, both of them sound asleep, and Sophia jumped in front of him and was stabbed once in the process. She wasn't injured as badly as I was, but she's a small girl and was traumatized by it. Izzy chased Mom out of Sophia's room, and they tumbled down the stairs and out on the front porch.

Despite it being two in the morning when Mom's attack began, when I was in the hospital, I heard the nurses saying that Dad had no idea what was going on until he saw the flashing lights and blaring sirens pull up on our lawn because he was out in his work shed with Olivia, Isabella's twin. I heard one of my nurses say that Izzy attacked Mom in front of the police, took the knife she was pointing at Dad and Olivia from across the lawn, and slit her throat.

None of my siblings, except for Izzy, will admit that they believe in the Hillcrest curse. I haven't seen any of them since the attack, so I'm unsure if the massacre that unfolded in our home is enough to convince them. Even Landon, who is straight-up obsessed with Sophia, says it's lore and that Isabella and I are just sick. He's fighting what he feels for Sophia, but that's okay. He'll snap just like I did, and I can't wait to watch the aftermath.

A flash of familiar, long black hair pulled back in some kind of French braid bullshit catches my eye. I'm annoyed that it's not the sister I'm here to see, but it's a start. She'll be able to point me in the right direction. The light pink ribbon securing the bottom swings across the back of her blazer as my sister, Sophia, sets a fluffy white blanket out under a vibrantly red maple tree. She's so innocent, painfully so, but that's because Landon has made being her bodyguard his entire personality. I watch her curiously for a second as she pulls a dark book out of her backpack. I've been out of commission since the attack, but I'm sure since she was hurt, he's way worse than usual. I'm actually surprised to see her by herself, without him hovering over her and glaring at anyone who might attempt to speak to her. It doesn't matter because right now, my only priority is finding my other half and getting inside her. Dad is so freaked out about what happened that

he fucked off to the wilderness to build the cabin he always wanted for our family. That's where I intend to take Isabella once I find her and paint her insides with all my come. I haven't been able to spill inside her for far too long.

I scan the grassy area in front of the ice arena where the hockey players practice for Landon before I approach Sophia. I can kick his ass if I have to, but I'm still not at 100 percent from being fucking stabbed, and I don't need him clotheslining me out of nowhere.

"Boo." I grin when little Sophia lets out a gasp of surprise when I flop my much larger frame down next to her on the blanket. She's reading a book that has teal letters and some Polaroids on the front of it. I glance at the title which reads *No Crosses Count* as I swipe it out of her hands and toss it in the grass. I need her full attention because I don't have the patience to play any games in regard to where Isabella is hiding from me. I'd never hurt Sophia, mostly because she's not mine to hurt, but I'm not opposed to shaking the answers I want out of her.

"You're okay!" Sophia exclaims excitedly, launching her whole body toward me and wrapping her arms around my shoulders. There's nothing here between us except a younger sister grateful that her older brother didn't die. "Dad won't answer any phone calls, and we were so worried about you."

"Dad's gone off the deep end, but we'll bring him back around," I chuckle at the way she turns her pert nose up in distaste at my assertion. "He's off in the wilderness playing Davy Crockett because he can't come to terms with the fact that he wants to fuck Olivia," I say matter-of-factly, rolling my eyes as if what I've just said isn't absurd to most people.

"Maybe it's over losing Samuel or Mom or—" Sophia starts, but I snort out a laugh, cutting her off.

"We can pretend the Hillcrest curse isn't real if you want, but it is, so you're wrong." I shrug my shoulders. "Which reminds me. I'm here for Isabella. I've looked all over for her, and she's not answering her phone." I don't have time to process the look of panic that overtakes Sophia's face before a fucking hockey puck is launched at me, hitting me square in the back.

"Get the fuck away from my sister!" Landon bellows at me, stalking up toward us with a scowl on his face. His jet-black hair is wet, presumably from sweat, and he's still wearing his black hockey pants and pads. He's

shirtless, and instead of shoes, he's only in tall socks. I suspect he popped out of hockey practice to get eyes on Sophia.

"It's me, you fuckhead," I growl, hurling the puck back at him, which he catches in one hand, his eyes narrowing at me.

"I know who the fuck you are, Ethan. Get away from her," he snaps, now right up at the edge of the blanket. His movements are jerky and far too rough for someone as delicate as Sophia, and I can't help but snicker because the curse has him in a chokehold far worse than I thought. He's ready to lose his mind if he doesn't get what he wants, and what he wants is sweet, little Sophia. Maybe it's all a hoax, maybe Grandma is a loon. Who fucking knows? The only thing I do know is that my need for Isabella is insatiable. Maybe it's the curse, maybe I'm just sick with obsession, but either way, thinking of a life without her makes me go into an insanely destructive rage. Mom never explained herself to me, but I remember lying there in a pool of my own blood and hearing her screeching rant as Isabella managed to get her off of me. She believed in the curse, and she knew what was in store for our family.

I decide to taunt Landon a little, just to see how whipped his twin has him. "She's just as much my sister as she is yours," I tell him, standing up and trying to reach my hand back to feel where the puck hit me.

Landon's nostrils flare in annoyance, and I can see his mouth twitch like he wants to scream at me that she's far more than just his sister. He's holding back, and that's fine. He'll snap just like I did, and the first time he slides inside her pussy, he'll regret waiting so long to claim what's his.

It catches my attention when Sophia places her hand on Landon's chest in a soothing gesture, and I notice that his body seems to relax a little from the tightly wound stance he's been in since he yanked her up off the blanket. Sophia looks at me apologetically like she feels responsible for Landon's surly attitude toward me. She's too sweet to fathom that Landon and I don't give a shit about each other, and our only singular focus is the objects of our obsessions. "I've been having night terrors since—" she cuts herself off, taking a deep breath. "Well, you know what happened. But they're better since the campus doctor prescribed me some sleeping pills. When I wake up, I don't remember any of the nightmares," she says sweetly, smiling at me and then turning her attention back to look up at Landon. I notice how uncomfortable he looks at the mention of the pills, but I've lost interest in irritating him for now. I don't know exactly what

injuries Sophia sustained that night, but I was told that she passed out when she saw Isabella with Mom's nearly decapitated body.

"Where's Isabella?" I only realize how harsh my words are when Sophia flinches at my tone and averts her eyes away from me. "What are you hiding?" I snap at her, and Landon's arm pulls her into his body protectively. "One of you better answer me now," I tell them, but I'm looking at Landon.

"She's in the asylum. She freaked the fuck out when Dad made her leave home to come back here without you, and she became an absolute menace." Landon shrugs, and my chest tightens with some sort of emotion I can't quite put my finger on. They better not have hurt a fucking hair on her head. "And don't get any fucking ideas. They're keeping her until the end of the month, and then her case gets put into review. All of us have tried to get her released, but you know this fucking place." He waves his hand dismissively, and he doesn't have to elaborate. Hillcrest is all grandiosity that was founded by our great, great, great grandfather, and to this day, follows his traditions. The sole purpose is to uphold the Hillcrest reputation, and if she was making a spectacle of herself, this is the exact solution these fuckers would have.

"You have to be on a list to visit her. I can try to get you added tomorrow if you want. Do you want to stay the night in Landon's room?" Sophia offers. "Landon usually stays in my room to make sure I don't have any nightmares. You could take his room."

"Does Dad know?" I ask, ignoring her offer and already turning to walk away from them. I need to find her. I don't give a shit about being on a list. I will burn this campus to the ground if I have to. She's leaving with me tonight.

Sophia's face pales. "That Landon sleeps in my room?"

"No," I clip out the words. "Everyone assumes that. Does he know about Isabella?"

"No. He won't answer any calls," Landon says, annoyed. "He hasn't checked on Sophia or Olivia either."

I purse my lips. I'm mad at the old man, but he probably thinks everything is fine and that the girls have gone back to college life. I don't bother saying goodbye to either of my siblings before I start power walking toward the asylum on the west side of campus. I'll text Landon the coordinates to the cabin before I leave, and that's all I can do to convince

him that he needs to get out of this place. He'll bring Sophia when he's ready. Right now, my focus is on rescuing my beauty.

Ready or not, here I come, Isabella.

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# CHAPTER 3

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# ISABELLA

“You seem really upbeat today,” Olivia says to me, brushing her light blonde hair over her shoulder. She’s soft and sweet and usually optimistic. Since we came back to Hillcrest, though, it’s like a dark cloud is hovering over her at all times.

“Ethan’s going to save me from this place,” I tell her, pulling my cotton candy pink hair up into two ponytails. He better hurry up because my roots are going to start growing out any minute, and I hate that shit. Olivia grimaces at the mention of his name. I know she disapproves, but she won’t say that because she doesn’t want to hurt my feelings. She thinks he’s too rough with me, but the truth is, I wanted him far longer than even I am willing to admit. Olivia and I are the youngest set of Hillcrest twins at 18 and because of that, the older boys and Dad treat us like we don’t know what we want or what we’re feeling. I’m convinced that Ethan and his big fucking ego think that he corrupted me too, but I wanted everything that happened between us. Minus Mom’s freak out when she tried to kill the whole family. That part sucked. I know as soon as Ethan is healed up, he’s going to come find me and break me out of this place. I could probably get out if I wanted to. I have the guards wrapped around my finger. Not because I flirt with them, but because they’re afraid of me. I’m known as the girl who cut her mother’s head off. It packs more punch if I don’t mention that she stabbed the love of my life and if I hadn’t done what I did...he might not still be alive.

I frown at the thought, huffing because I know Dad is second-guessing everything, even though he gave Ethan his approval to keep me. I think after everything with Mom, he realized how society looks at things like

brothers and sisters fucking. My eyes shift to my twin sister...and dads and daughters for that matter.

The news stories claimed that our mom thought Dad was cheating on her, had a recurring delusion, and she eventually tried to kill the entire family to punish him. But that isn't really what happened. She knew about Ethan and me a few days before the event. We didn't try to hide it. After that first time, we couldn't get enough of each other. We're fire on fire, and explosive when we're together. Ethan isn't the type to hide any side of himself, not even if it's frowned upon. He wanted me, and he didn't care who knew it. He's not like Landon, tiptoeing around Sophia because he thinks she's too good for him, so he's decided he won't ruin her, but he'll never allow her the freedom to find someone else. Ethan covets me with an intense possession that I'll never find with anyone else, and I fucking love that. I want nothing more in this life than to be owned by my big brother.

"I haven't been able to find out anything about Ethan since he was discharged from the hospital. But the fact that he was well enough to go home is promising," Olivia says softly. She must be able to see the emotions I'm going through in my expressions. I'd never say it to her face, but her relationship with Dad is why Mom finally snapped. She chalked Ethan and I up to being her two rebel children who were fucking just to spite her. I think she knew it hadn't gone that far between Landon and Sophia. Last Sophia told me, nothing was happening between them, but it'll happen. I see the way he looks at her, the way he protects her, the way he absolutely panics when he can't find her. I feel it in my bones that it was the way Dad was starting to act with Olivia, though, that made Mom realize that the Hillcrest curse is real. He's enamored by Olivia, and anyone watching him gaze at her would be able to see that.

Especially his wife.

"Have you talked to Dad?" I ask her, snickering when her face pales at the mention of him. He might not have claimed her for his own yet, but I know she felt the tension between them. She might be more innocent than I am, but she's not stupid. He never stopped Sophia or me from going anywhere, but he kept a tight rein on Olivia. I could say or do whatever I wanted, and it was chalked up to *that's just Isabella's smart mouth*. Olivia was spanked for talking back to him in a tone he didn't like on numerous occasions after our 18th birthday, and that's when Ethan and I started side-eyeing Dad for signs of the curse. If you ask me about it, which no one ever

does, I'd say he just gets off on spanking her. I never, even when we were younger, saw him be affectionate toward Mom, and it only came out after the attack that their marriage was an arranged business merger concocted by their fathers a few years before the first set of twins, Ethan and Samuel, were born.

I was never close to Samuel, and he couldn't have been any more different than Ethan even though they're twins. He was much closer to Mom than any of us, which is why it surprised me that she attacked him first. While I've been in time-out, I've been going through the archives and researching our family. The curse goes back several generations, but the incident I looked into the most was that our paternal grandmother was killed by her husband and judging by some of the articles and photos that I uncovered, it was because she had a thing with her brother.

"Don't wanna talk about him?" I finally ask when Olivia doesn't bite at my mention of Dad. I smile at her, and she presses her top teeth into her bottom lip like she's trying to keep herself from saying anything she'll regret.

"I've not heard a word from him. He's cut us all off, and from the little information I got from the nurse when I called and found out that Ethan was discharged, she said he'd gone off to the cabin he's building." She sounds angry, which is weird to me. She's normally the voice of reason, the one who gives everyone the benefit of the doubt.

"He'll come back for you, I'm sure of it," I tell her because I am. "You're like his perfect little doll," I assure her, and her head snaps up to look at me like a deer in the headlights.

"How did you know he calls me that?" she asks, and her voice is shaking.

"I didn't," I say, shrugging. She looks like a porcelain doll with fair skin and perfect hair. She's an ice skater, and even though it's only a hobby for her, she looks so graceful on the ice, and I've seen the way Dad's eyes light up seeing her twirl in those frilly ice-skating dresses she wears.

I know I've upset her when she says softly, "I have to go, but I'll be back in a couple days. I'm still trying to get them to review your case so we can get you out at the end of the month."

I watch as she walks toward the door and I feel the need to tell her, "I meant what I said, Olivia. He'll come for you. He's probably just in his head about it."

She freezes, her shoulders bunching momentarily before she says with conviction, “I don’t want him to.” The door is loud as it closes behind her, but I don’t buy anything that she said about Dad. She wants him. She’s just mad at him for how he’s handling things right now.

I huff, pushing my light pink ponytails over my shoulders, and let myself out of the visiting room. I’m supposed to go back to my room, but I’m feeling a little stir-crazy right now. I need some stimulation, and I’ve already read anything interesting in the library. I decide to head for the showers in the west wing of the asylum because they’re for staff only, and it’s after hours for them. I’ll be able to have a little fun-time while thinking about my inevitable reunion with Ethan without any rude interruptions.

As I’m walking down the stone corridor, I swear I hear footsteps behind me, but when I look around, no one is there. I stay still, surveying the cool, dark hallway. I should go back to my room because I have the distinct feeling that I’m not alone right now but decide that I’m just so deprived of Ethan that I’m going insane. Either that, or we have ghosts, and that’s not something I want to think about until I’m not in a dark corridor on my own. I pick up my pace and take a sharp left into the shower room. I rifle through the staff’s shower kits looking for some body wash that smells nice. I decide not to turn the lights on because the dim emergency lights in the hallway cast enough of a glow. I know my way around, and I don’t want the hassle of some guard on a power trip annoying me mid-orgasm.

I’m only in the shower for less than a minute, just stepping under the spray when I’m jerked back by my ponytails into a familiar, hard chest. The cool steel of Ethan’s knife is pressed against the sensitive skin of my neck.

“Did you miss me, Beauty?”

# CHAPTER 4

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## ETHAN

I want to cut my sister so I can taste her blood. It's been far too long. I knew that the sensation of touching her would be overwhelming, but I didn't expect my entire body to feel like it's in overdrive.

"I knew you'd find me." She's breathless, and I suspect it has less to do with my knife pressing against her throat and everything to do with the fact that she needs my cock buried deep inside her right now. "This place is literal hell without you, big brother."

"Has anyone touched you while we've been apart?" My fingers let go of her hair just to find the swell of her lower stomach. I can't decide where I want to touch her first. I need to have my hands on every part of her, but I tease myself by sliding upward and cupping her wet breast in my palm. "I'll gut every single one of them who's tried to lay a finger on you."

"Every man on campus," she taunts me. "Are you going to go kill them now?" She giggles like the psycho she is, and if I wasn't already rock hard, I would be just hearing the lilt in her tone. She wiggles her ass against my cock playfully, and I hope that she wants to be brutally fucked because that's the only setting I have right now. I will take my time and reacquaint my fingers, tongue, and dick with every part of her once I have her out at the cabin, and I can finally relax.

I push her forward, pressing her against the cold stone wall, her breasts mashing against it and her ass pressing back against my straining dick even harder. She knows I'd never kill her, I just enjoy toying with her. But the way I'm feeling right now, I'd kill every male on this fucking campus just because the mental picture popped into my head of them touching what's mine.

I let my hand slip from her breast, down her body to find the raised scar in the shape of my initials in her upper thigh. “Fuck,” I whisper, my cock jumping against her ass. I reach over and rub her pussy, wasting no time pushing two fingers inside her tight entrance without warning. She cries out, and I can’t hold back. I need to be inside her.

I make quick work of my jeans, and I’m fisting my cock in the hand that isn’t holding my knife against her throat. I line myself up and plunge inside her, eliciting a scream from my sweet sister as I viciously fuck her.

“I missed you, Beauty,” I grunt against her ear, lowering my blade to drag it between her breasts, down her stomach, and stopping just before I reach her pussy. I flip the knife in my hand and use the blunt end to rub against her clit while my cock stretches her, splitting her pretty pussy open just for me.

“I missed you more, big brother,” she cries out, her body shuddering as I swipe the handle of my knife over her clit one last time before her orgasm takes over. I usually last longer than this, but it’s been too long, and her pussy is so warm, wet, and tight, gripping me like nothing I’ve ever felt before. When she arches back against me, allowing me to slide the slightest bit deeper inside her, it’s enough to push me over the edge. I bring my hand up that is not holding my knife and grip her throat, stealing her breath as I fill her with the come she deserves.

My whole body feels heavy, but I can’t lean against her too hard or I’ll crush her. And no matter how tired I am, there’s still one thing I need to do.

I scoop up her boneless body and carry her out into the main part of the shower room. I grab one of the folded towels and toss it on the long counter before sitting her down. She seems to know what I’m about to do because she’s grinning, opening her legs to give me better access to her upper thigh. I rub the rough pads of my fingers over the raised scar tissue that makes the letters EH on her otherwise perfect skin. I don’t waste any time because I feel an urgency to get her out of this place and into my own bed where I can fuck her for hours until she falls asleep.

I take my sharp blade and slice into her skin, tracing the cut I’ve already made multiple times. Her body jerks back in pain, but she moans when I take the handle of the knife and bring it to her pussy, pushing it inside to keep my come from leaking out of her. She’s on birth control, but even if she weren’t, I wouldn’t give a fuck. I pump the handle inside her and lean down, licking the sweet Hillcrest blood from the wound I just opened.

When I pull the knife out of her pussy and hand it to her, she knows what I want, but I can't stop touching her. As she carves IH on my chest, directly over my heart, I pump two of my fingers inside her come-filled pussy, and only when she's finished licking the blood dripping down my abdomen do I pull my fingers out and shove them roughly in her mouth. She gags from the sheer force, but swallows them, giving me exactly what I want.

"That's my good girl," I tell her, and she grins at me, sticking her tongue out to show me that she swallowed the come I pushed in her mouth.

"I knew you'd find me," she giggles, lunging forward to wrap her arms around my neck, and I let her wrap her legs around my hips. I'd be happy to carry her like this for the rest of her life.

"I'll never let you out of my sight again," I murmur against her ear and cup her ass with my palm. "As much as I want to keep you naked, if anyone sees you like this, I'm going to have to burn this whole campus to the ground, and that's going to cut into the time I plan on spending fucking you senseless," I tell her, letting her slide to the floor. She pouts but quickly starts putting her Hillcrest uniform back on. She's in a matching white bra and panty set, a short-sleeved white button-down shirt, and a pleated skirt.

She grabs me by the hand and tugs me out into the hallway before she tells me, "I need to stop somewhere before we leave campus."

# CHAPTER 5

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# ISABELLA

“Give me what I want,” Ethan demands, gripping my hair and tipping my head back to look at him.

“I like when you pull my hair,” I tease him, flicking my tongue out over the fullness of my bottom lip. “What will you give me if I do?”

Despite our activities of the last hour, he’s fully hard, as evidenced by the bulge pressing against my ass. His hand tightens in my hair, and he takes the kiss that he wants, mashing our lips together angrily. I’m soaking wet, but we’re in a hallway where students could walk out at any time to make their way to the bathroom. He clearly does not give a shit because he’s pressing me against the wall so hard that my back makes a loud thud when it makes contact. He only pulls away when my lungs begin burning from lack of oxygen. He’s intuitive that way, always knowing when it’s just enough to be great, and not quite too much. My thigh is stinging from where he cut me, and I relish in the feeling. I’ve missed it almost as much as I missed my brother.

“We’re going to wake everyone up,” I whisper through kiss-swollen lips, and he only quirks a brow like he’s asking if I think he gives a fuck. “Come on, we can be in and out before the twins wake up, and I’ll give you the best road head of your life on the way out of here,” I offer, grabbing his hand and pulling him toward Sophia’s door. I know he’s annoyed that I wanted to stop for my things, but the necklace with his initials dangling from it that he gave me before Mom went berserk holds a special place in my heart, which is why I asked Sophia to look after it in case they tried to take it from me in the asylum.

“I can kick the door in if you want,” he says, grinning at me like he’d really like to add destruction of property to our list of sins for the night.

“Save your strength for the ride home, caveman.” I reach inside my shirt, wiggle my fingers beneath the top of my bra, and grab the key Sophia gave me on her first visit to see me. I grabbed it when we stopped by my room to get Ethan some dry clothes on the way out of the asylum. The best I could do were some Hillcrest sweatpants and a t-shirt. Ethan killed both guards who saw us, which means no more fun with his knife until we get home, and he can sterilize it. For as fucked in the head as Ethan is, he doesn’t like anyone else’s blood touching me. I wave the key ceremoniously at him, knowing he’s going to punish me on the way home for my attitude. Giddiness fills my chest at the thought, and I almost decide to leave now and have Sophia mail me my necklace. But it doesn’t sound like the cabin is on a mail route and the way Ethan talks, once we get there, we won’t be leaving for the winter.

He grabs my ass and squeezes, dipping his head low enough to nip at my neck. His hand comes up to cover my mouth, anticipating the squeak of surprise that would have left my mouth. He knows me better than I even know myself, and I love that. I love him. I missed him so much, and I finally feel my world centering after all the chaos our family has endured. “Hurry up. I need to get inside you again. I can’t wait much longer.” I can hear the panic in his voice, and I return the same feelings. We’ve been apart for far longer than either of us can handle.

I push the key into the lock and twist the doorknob slowly because I don’t want to wake Sophia or Landon. I smirk at the thought. I know he’s here with her. Every time she came to visit me, he would just lurk around her, giving anyone who dared look at her menacing looks. I don’t take it personally that he didn’t seem to care what was happening to me, because I know that’s the curse. Or at the very least, the bond they share. I hope they’re cuddled up in her bed all cute and sweet because I’m a sap, and I’d love to see Landon’s softer side. He tries to hide it, but I know he just melts for her.

When we get inside Sophia’s room, I would have squealed in delight if Ethan’s fingers weren’t still tightly pressed against my mouth. I feel him lift his lips from my shoulder when my body stiffens at what I see.

Sophia is spread out on her bed, sound asleep, and Landon is sitting in her vanity chair at her bedside. He’s stroking his thick cock vigorously with

what I'm certain is a pair of Sophia's silky pink panties while he looks down at her. She's in his Hillcrest Ice Hockey t-shirt that is pushed up around her ribcage. Her panties are simple, white, with a little pink bow in the center of the waistband. His hand that isn't working his cock is wrapped around her upper thigh. I can see that he's pushed her panties to the side, probably so he can imagine that he's sliding inside her pussy instead of the poor imitation he has wrapped around his dick.

Landon's head snaps over to glare at us and he curses, pushing what looks like a still painfully hard cock back into the waistband of his gray sweats. He's shirtless, and the defined muscles of his abdomen flex, probably in his rage that we caught him.

Ethan lets out a rich, deep laugh that I don't remember ever hearing from him before, and the sound warms me from the inside out. If it's even possible, Landon scowls even more harshly than he already was. "I thought the Hillcrest curse wasn't real, big man?"

"Get the fuck out," Landon snaps, pushing up out of the chair to fix Sophia's panties before walking toward us. I step in front of Ethan, knowing that they're both about to get their aggression out by brawling with each other when, clearly, they both just need their balls drained. I roll my eyes. I love Ethan, but guys are predictable and kind of dumb most of the time.

"Have you told her?" I ask Landon sincerely because, from the vibe I get from Sophia, she thinks he's only protective of her because they're twins, and he feels responsible for her.

"No, and you're not going to either." Landon reaches out to grab my arm to try and bully me into listening to him, but I'm too quick for him, and I'm already hopping over to the bed and climbing up next to Sophia. Her breath comes out in short little puffs, and her long hair isn't tied back like she usually keeps it during school hours. It's fanned out in dark waves across her off-white satin pillow.

"These sleeping pills she takes are no joke," I say, lifting her arm and letting it fall to the bed with a soft thud. She doesn't stir, but she does make a soft moaning sound like she's having a really good dream. "I bet she's dreaming of you," I say, looking up at Landon who has advanced toward the bed, and I realize I'd love to see them together. "Have you touched her yet?" I ask with a devilish grin. Landon can do nothing to hide the way his dick jerks in his sweatpants, and it's only then that I realize Ethan has

rounded the bed and is standing behind me. I feel him grab my hair and yank my head back painfully. It's such a delicious feeling.

"Are you looking at our brother's cock, Beauty?" I can hear the playfulness in Ethan's voice. He knows I'm not looking for any other reason than I want to see Landon split Sophia's virgin pussy open while she dreams about him doing just that very thing.

"Are you going to fuck her?" I ask Landon, moving up to sit on my knees, giving Ethan easy access to push my panties to the side and slide two of his thick fingers inside my pussy. I moan, my head still tipped back, and I have nowhere to move.

"You two are fucking psychotic," Landon huffs out the words, pacing around the room, lifting his arm behind his head to rub the back of his neck as if to try to release some of the tension he's holding there.

"Oh, we're the creeps, but you were jerking off, fully prepared to come all over your twin sister's bare stomach," I taunt Landon, to which he only narrows his eyes because he knows that I'm right. He needs her, and controlling her every waking and sleeping moment isn't enough anymore. He needs her just like Ethan needed me. The longer he holds off, the more brutal he'll be to her, and while I'm so fucking into the rough sex Ethan prefers, I don't know if she'll be able to handle Landon. Even now, the rage is rippling off of him at an alarming rate, and if he doesn't do something to ease the tension, I don't know what will happen to her when he finally snaps.

"The only way you're going to release that pent-up rage is to fuck her like your life depends on it. Don't be afraid to hurt her. She'll learn to like it," Ethan says, pulling roughly on my hair and forcing me to cry out in pain. Pleasure zings straight to my clit, and my nipples have never been harder.

"Please," I moan out, trying to rock back against Ethan's probing fingers.

"Please what, slut?" he grunts out, and I suspect he's being so mean right now because he wants Landon to understand how completely he owns my body, mind, and soul. "You can be my slut and my beauty all at the same time," he reminds me, his tone softening just a fraction.

"Please fuck me," I plead with him, hoping the absolute desperation in the tone of my voice is enough to convince him.

“Tell our dear brother why he should fuck Sophia,” Ethan demands, and I feel his fingers slip from inside my pussy, and I know he’s pushing his sweatpants down. I cry out from the loss of contact, but quickly sober when he spansks my ass hard. “I won’t put my cock anywhere near that tight little pussy of yours unless you do as you’re told.”

I look at Landon because I know Ethan isn’t just talk. He wants me so badly right now, but he’d deprive us both if I don’t follow his directions. “She’s feeling it as much as you are, Landon. You won’t let any other guys near her, and yet you aren’t getting her off. She’s probably so tightly wound, and that’s why she’s having the night terrors more frequently.” I’m not a doctor, but it sounds legit.

Landon opens his mouth to protest, but I lean forward and pull Sophia’s panties to the side, exposing her bare pussy to him.

“Get the fuck off of her!” Landon snaps and he’s on the bed, slapping my hand away from her, gripping her thighs so tightly it’s like he thinks if he loosens his hold she’ll disappear.

“Have you licked her pussy yet?” I ask him just as Ethan slams inside of me from behind, one of his hands coming up to push my shirt up and grope one of my breasts. “She needs to come, Landon. She won’t even know you did it. Haven’t you always wondered what she tastes like?” I taunt Landon in tandem with Ethan’s thrusts.

I expect Landon to give me a growly excuse and tell me to stop talking about his twin, but he folds much more quickly than I anticipated. He lets out a groan that sounds like the word *fuck*, and he’s down off the bed and falls to his knees and jerks her hips to the edge of the bed. Her panties must have slid back to cover her pussy when he pushed my hand away because he grabs the fabric roughly, pulling it all the way to the side. As soon as I see his head dip and his tongue flick out to push her lips apart, I come hard around Ethan’s cock.

# CHAPTER 6

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## ETHAN

Isabella comes hard, her tight pussy gripping my cock as we watch our brother devour his twin's cunt. I slam inside her harder, fucking more roughly because I feel like I can't get close enough. I want to fuse her to me in a permanent way. The thought of pulling out of her infuriates me and spurs me on to take her more violently.

Landon has lost his resolve, no longer fighting the urge to claim Sophia. "Make her come," I tell him, and he doesn't respond. Instead, he grips her tight with such force that I'm certain that she's going to wake up. It wouldn't matter if she did. I'd hold her down for him and let him take his fill of her. She's destined to be his, and the sooner they both realize that the sooner we can get our family back together the way we're meant to live.

"Does she taste good, Landon?" Isabella asks, gasping through her laugh meant to playfully taunt him as my hand comes around to grip her throat. I don't mind her watching them together. It's hot as fuck, but the possessive side of me does not want her speaking to him while I'm inside her unless I order her to.

"Fuck," he mumbles, moving his lips away from Sophia's slick pussy only to press a kiss against her inner thigh. He breathes in deeply, and I know he's second-guessing himself. I move quickly, flipping Isabella over on her back so her head lands right near Sophia's hips. I get on the bed, situating myself on my knees so I can line my dick up with Izzy's pretty little pussy. I push her skirt up, showing him the raw flesh on her thigh. My mark. My claim. He could have this exact thing with Sophia if he'd just take what's his.

“Don’t get in your head,” I tell him, using my palm to slap him on the back before returning my hand to Isabella’s neck. “She’s yours. Just like Isabella is mine,” I assure him, sinking back inside Isabella’s pussy, savoring the way her tight opening stretches around the girth of my cock. I groan, forgetting about convincing Landon to take Sophia, fully lost in the feel of my sister. I shove her top up and pull the cups of her bra down before dropping my mouth to pull the dusty pink bud between my lips. Isabella moans when my teeth scrape her nipple and lifts her hips up to meet my thrusts. “Convince him.” I give her permission after I let her nipple pop out from between my lips, her breast bouncing with the movement.

“Don’t you want to know what it feels like to split her open? Do you want to see her blood coating your dick? It feels so good when Ethan holds me down and fucks me like I’m nothing more than his plaything. I’m addicted to Ethan’s cock now, even if I was scared at first,” Isabella breathes out, gasping as I fuck her harder, her words encouraging me to piston rougher and faster with each thrust of my hips. “If you don’t take her, someone else will, Landon,” Isabella tries to incite him, and that makes me snap, thinking about the fact that if I hadn’t gotten my head out of my ass when I did and finally held my girl down and fucked my come into her, someone else might have gotten the chance. It’s a done deal. She’s mine, and once I get her back to the cabin, she’ll never be apart from me again. Isabella squeals when I hit a spot particularly deep inside her, lifting her hips up to angle her pussy onto my dick. I’m not going to last much longer, despite the fact that I’ve already filled her with come. She’s too warm, too tight, too perfect just for me.

Isabella’s words must have gotten to Landon because he’s lifting Sophia’s legs, folding them back to her abdomen to give himself better access to her pussy. His muscled arms hold her legs in place, freeing up his hands to slide beneath his shirt she’s sleeping in to grope her tits. He might not seal the deal tonight, but it won’t be long before he’s showing up at the cabin with her. I slam inside my girl as I watch my brother lick and suck on Sophia’s pussy, her hips jerking up in her sleep as he brings her pleasure.

“That’s my girl. Come for your big brother.” As soon as the words leave Landon’s lips, I slap my hand over Izzy’s mouth because I already know she’s going to blurt out, while I’m fucking her, that he’s only older than Sophia by three minutes.

I press myself as deep inside her as I can go, and I feel my sister pulsating around me as her eyes roll back in her head. "Let him have this one," I tell her, but she's already forgotten that she wants to torment him into breaking Sophia in half because she's coming, pussy gripping me like a vise as she spasms around me. It's more than enough to send me right over the edge with her, my dick jerking as I push inside her two more times and paint her walls with my come.

I collapse on top of her for a moment, enjoying the fleeting convulsions of her grip on my cock. It's Landon who pulls me out of my euphoria.

"Get the fuck out of here," he says, and I can hear the panic in his voice that he's trying to conceal. "Now," he demands, shoving my shoulder hard before getting up off the bed. His full lips are still glistening with the come he elicited from Sophia's cunt, but I notice he's covered her lower half with a blanket. She's still sleeping deeply like the pristine little princess that he's trying to pretend she is.

"Jesus, Landon, you could at least cuddle her after. You need some lessons before you fuck her while she's awake, or she's going to be sorely disappointed," Isabella quips, rubbing her fingers through my brown wavy hair before pushing on my chest to lift my weight off of her. I'm not ready to leave her warmth, though, so I bear down on her, making us both groan.

"I'll pull out of your pretty little cunt when I'm good and ready," I tell her, gripping her chin, probably with too much force to be considered loving, but I have the intense urge to prove to her that she's mine, that I own her, and that's the only way it'll ever be.

Landon ignores what I'm saying to Isabella and instead chooses to lash out at what she said.

"I didn't fuck her. I'm not going to. Now get the fuck out," Landon snaps again, pacing across the room to open the door leading to the hallway.

I huff and pull out of my beauty who just grins up at me. I move her panties to cover her pussy, a delusional attempt on my part to keep everything I just gave her inside. I fix her skirt and pull her up into a sitting position. Her eyes never leave my face, and I fucking love how enamored she is with me. I never want to lose this again, and I'll do everything in my power to ensure I don't.

I pull her to her feet but keep her pressed against my chest and abdomen. "You will, and it'll be brutal. It's just how it is," I say, finally turning my attention to my younger brother.

“She’ll forgive you, if that makes you feel better,” Izzy tells him, bouncing up on the balls of her feet to press a kiss to my cheek as if to assure me that she’s fully forgiven me for the night I took her for the first time.

“Enough! Get the fuck out of here!” Landon is losing it, probably because the realization that he just licked his twin sister’s pussy until she came all over his tongue is hitting him. I nudge Isabella toward her belongings in the corner of the room and watch as she grabs a small backpack before returning to me. I reach into my pocket and grab a small piece of paper with the coordinates to the new Hillcrest cabin. I keep Isabella at my side as I cross the room and press it into his hand.

“You’ll fight it for a while but keep this for when you finally take her. You won’t wanna be here anymore. You’ll need to be somewhere secluded where you can have her freely.” We move past him and into the hallway, but it doesn’t escape me that he tucks the piece of paper into the pocket of his sweats before he slams the door in our faces.

“He’s grumpier than Dad,” Isabella says, scrunching her nose up in distaste, allowing me to carry her backpack and holding my hand, our fingers intertwining.

“He just needs to fuck his aggression out. He’ll be fine,” I tell her, which makes her laugh, a sound I hope I hear until I take my very last breath.

“Where to, big brother?” Isabella asks as we make our way out of the archaic stone building and toward my truck. I push her in front of me and hold her captive between the hard lines of my body and the cool metal of the truck.

“Home, *Little Sister*. I’m going to drive you to our new home where you’ll never be out of my sight again,” I rasp against her ear, my hand traveling up her stomach and over one of her breasts. “I can’t get enough of you, and you need to know that. When we get back to the cabin, you’ll be my toy, my plaything, my fucking everything.” She sighs wistfully at my words, seemingly content with my plans.

I need to get her in the truck before I fuck her again right here out in the open. I help her up into her seat and toss her bag into the back with such carelessness that she gives me a warning look. I kiss her quickly before making my way around to the driver's side and hopping in.

I'm not even out of the grand, gated entrance of Hillcrest before she's stroking me through these uncomfortable Hillcrest sweatpants and grinning at me devilishly. Her ponytails flutter with the movement of her head as she leans over in the seat to take my cock in her mouth.

I hiss at the feeling and take one hand off the wheel to reach over her bent-over form to rub her ass cheeks, letting my fingers find the wet, come-soaked panties covering the spot I want to be inside.

"You want my cock again so soon?" I tease her, pulling her panties to the side and dipping my fingers in her tight, well-fucked hole. After a few pumps and the hum of her pleasure vibrating around my dick, I pull them out and hold them up to her. She pushes back on her knees, letting my cock fall from her lips.

"You forget, big brother, you're my plaything too," she says, smirking before she takes my fingers in her mouth and sucks them clean of our mixed come.

"Fuck, you're perfect, Beauty," I tell her before grabbing her by the ponytails roughly and bringing her mouth back to my dick. "Show me how much you missed me."

And she does. She's perfect, and I'll never let her forget that fact for as long as I live. When it's my time to go, I'm taking her with me because this lifetime isn't enough for the way I feel about her. It feels like my rib cage closes in, squeezing my heart in my chest. Dad can blame the Hillcrest curse all he wants, but I fucking love this girl, and that's all I need to know.

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## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Rory Ireland and Tate Monroe are two friends who spend their time thinking up of the next deliciously decadent and depraved story for you little taboo heathens to gobble up.

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